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## THE SHEPHERD OF BARODA.



The interesting visitor from India who is making New York a call as the doorway to the United States, which he proposes to explore, is worth more than passing notice.

Just as the death of the Akhoond of Swat, announced in a famous verse in The World a generation ago, set the pens of the funny men at work, the arrival of the Gaekwar of Baroda starts the wits again.

But these odd Hindoo names always have a meaning behind them.

The trite titles of the Old World nobility had commonplace origins. The sonorgas Richard Plantagenet, he of the Lion Heart and "Ivanhoe," translates/into plain Dick Broomcorn, and the gorgeous Gaekwar, in plain English, is but the Shepherd of Baroda.

The sheepherder of the hills who first carved out the State of Baroda was prouder of his calling than of his exploits, and when his sword had made him a kingdom he took the title that seemed noblest to him-the one he had always borne, Gackwar, the shepherd-no longer of the flocks, but of his people.

There is now under way in India a huge unrest, the results of which no man can foretell. Education is asserting itself. People and nobles are opening their eyes to look at the world beyond India. There is a cry for political and commercial freedom that promises to menace England more than do the now well-trimmed talons of the Russian Bear.

## THE LANDLORD'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Vicar-General Sheppard, of Jersey City, charges "the Christian landlord and the Christian real estate agent' with responsibility for race suicide. The rebuke is occasioned by their refusal to let apartments to tenants with large families.

In New York at present the police are holding property owners to the letter of the law for responsibility for vice conditions. In the effort to clean the Tenderloin reliance is now put less on raids than on dispossess proceedings enforced on the landlords through the courts. The method is quieter and less spectacular than the axe raid, but more effective in

The law has taken the landlord vigorously in hand of late years. In addition to extending his liability to prosecution for renting his premises for disorderly purposes, it has brought him to a stricter accounting for the health and security of his tenants. It has made him put windows in dark rooms, improve the sanitary conditions of his property, erect fire-escapes and strengthen walls and beams.

All this has been greatly to the benefit of society. It is to benefit in other ways no less important when the moral law finishes its innings with him, now only begun. In that day landlords will be held morally liable for a death from tuberculosis in a "lung block" or from a midnight blaze in a fire-trap no less than for the existence of the dive and the brothel.

## "Who Is Lying Here?"

By Maurice Ketten.



## Why the United States Is What It Is Co-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES, What They Did:

> Why They Did It What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune. No. 25-Victory!

ORD NORTH, on hearing the news," writes a court chronicler, "staggered backward as though he had received a ball in the chest, throwing up his arms and grouning. 'Lost! All is lost!'

The news which wrung this cry from England's Prime Minister was that, on Oct. 19, 1781, the Earl of Cornwallis, with the flower of the British army, had ments for his besieged colleague, and arriving two days too late, broke into a similar rage.

Yorktown had fallen. The invincible Cornwallis and his mighty army were prisoners. By land and sea the patriots had at last swept everything before them. The long years of bitter struggle were practically at an end. The despised, ill-equipped colonists had overcome the finest army in the world, an army

spised, ill-equipped colonists had overcome the finest army in the world, an army consisting in all of 134,684 men, backed by an inexhaustible treasure chest.

On the eighth anniversary of the battle of Lexington and Concord (April 19, 1783), cessation of hostilities was proclaimed.

In July of the same year the British evacuated Savannah, in December they surrendered Charleston. New York City alone remained in their hands. In November, realizing that she was beaten, Engiand consented to open peace, negotiations and a preliminary treaty was signed at Paris.

The final definite treaty was signed at Paris.

The final, definite treaty was signed at Paris Sept. 2, 1783. By its terms Great Britain acknowledged the complete independence

of the United States.

Nov. 25, 1783, was fixed on for the British evac-Independence at Last-British

uation of New York City, England's last strong-hold in the States. On the morning of the 25th a body of United States troops, under Gen. Knox, and accompanied by the Governor of New York, moved southward from Harlem and marched down the old Bouerie lane to what now Astor place. There they halted until 1 P. M., at which hour the British eft their various posts and marched to Whitehall (now South Ferry), to embark

The Continentals followed on their heels and took formal possession of the the Continentals follows of guns from the Battery. Here the first hitch oc-city, amid a roaring salute of guns from the Battery. Here the first hitch oc-curred. Gen. Knox ordered the Stars and Stripes run up on the great flagpole curred. Gen. Rules and Irom which the British flag for so many years

But it was discovered that, as a last bit of petty malice, the British had cut the flag ropes, torn away the tackle at the top and had greased the pole to prevent the injury from being repaired. It was a freak of spite worthy a five-year-old child, but it threatened to mar the completeness of the triumphal entry.

A plucky sailor boy solved the difficulty by olimbing the pole and nailing the American flag to the top, where it was plainly visible to the British transports as they vanished down the Narrows,

Victory was absolute. The gallant colonies were free and independent States.

The United States was ready to take its place as a world power.

But the treasury was empty. Government obligations could not be met.

The land was stripped of all its industries and capital was lacking to form others. The army had not been paid off and there was no more with which to others. The army had not been paid on and there was no money with which to compensate the heroes who had spent the best years of their lives in the service

of their country. There was no established government and no model on which to build one. The colonies had won freedom, but it seemed for a time as though freedom was only a synonym for impoverished helplessness. So, with the whole world looking on with amused or derisive curiosity, the infant nation, unaided, began to take its first few tottering steps alone. The army clamored for its pay. Nicola and others declared a republic too weak a form of government and demanded a monarchy, with George Washing-

weak a form of government and demanded a monarchy, with George Washington as king. Washington, with stern rebuke, put down this mad scheme, and set to work satisfying the soldiery and setting the nation on a firmer basis.

This last was an even greater (if less spectacular) feat than had been the creating of an army and winpping Great Britain.

So entirely did he and his fellow-patriots succeed that by 17s7 the Constitution was ready for adoption. It was bitterly opposed from many quarters, but thanks to the eloquence of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and James Madison, it was at length formally adopted.

On March 4, 1789, the glorious old Continental Congress was forever disbanded, and with the inauguration of George Washington as President and John Adams as Vice-President the Constitution became henceforth the organic law of the

This was the crowning act of the long struggle for independence. The war is long since over, the dangerous, wearisome task of shaping the victorious tinexperienced and impoverished colonies into one grand, self-governing name was just accomplished.

And the United States began its real career as a power among the nations he earth. But there were dangers ahead, well-nigh as terrible as those which lay

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CHAPTER XXIX.

The Two Dukes.

maid was strung."

daughter more than ever.'

ORBLEU!" Mayenne cried, half rising.

EDING CHAPTERS.

Ettenne de Mar, estranged of his," Mayenne went on at his own pace. "It might have been a blunder to kill you; it had cerparts The city is held to the company of the com tin tiniy been a pity. Though we Lorraines have two murders to avenge I have changed my mind ealeging Parls. The city is held tainly been a pity. Though the bake of Mayenne. St. Quentin, but has heldly come to Parls. de Lorraine, tries to make Mat Mar and Paul both love Lorance ward. Etlenne rescues St. Quenting about beginning with yours."

"You are wise, monsieur."

ward Etlenne rescues St. Quenyenne's men and father and son
res an interval with Lorance in
He is arrested by
the Basille Mayenne tells
of the Galace Finding that St. Quentl
ling she goes thither, accompanied your little works unhindered they might in time annoy me. Therefore I request that so long as I is at St. Denis and demands Mar's release.
Is at St. Denis and demands Mar's release.
Stay in Paris you stay out. 'Oh, I don't like that!"

The naivete amazed while it amused Mayenne. "Possibly not, but you will consent to it. You will ride out of my court, when we have finished some necessary signing of papers, straight to the St. Denis gate. And you will pledge me your honor to make no attempt hereafter to enter so

\*\*M RBLEU!" Mayenne cried, half rising.

"God's mercy, we're not ruffians out there! I tell it to show you to what the ing. He relished the condition little. He was aid was strung."

enjoying himself much in Paris, his dangers, his biting his thumb at the power of married." Mayenne said slowly; "one boy is much the League. To be killed at his post was nothing, like another. I should have mated her as befitted but to be bundled away from it to inglorious her station—I thought she would be happy safety that stuck in his gorge. For a moment he

her station—I thought she would be happy enough. And she was good about it: I did not see how deep she cared. She was docile till I drove her too hard. She's a loving child. You are fortunate in your daughter, St. Quentin."

Monsieur sprang up radiant, advancing on bim open-armed. Mayenne added, with his cool smile: "You need not flatter yourself, Monsieur, that it is your doing. I laugh at your threats. "Twere sport to me to clap you behind bars, to say to your king, to the mob you brag of, "Come, now." "In the Bastille?"

your king, to the mob you brag of, 'Come, now. "In the Bastille?"
get him out." "Cr in the League."

thin out."

"Ther," cried mension, "I must value my sweet

"The former is preferable."

"You may count yourself thrice fortunate, then, He was standing over Mayenne with out- that a third alternative is given you.

stretched hand, but the chief delayed taking it.

"Not quite so fast, my friend. If I yield up the Duc de St. Quentin, the Comte de Mar, and mile. Lorance de Montine, I demand certain little concessions for myself."

"By a liment of the reminder. You have treated me as a prince indeed. Be assured the St. Quentins will not forget."

"Every one forgets."

"Perhaps. But when you need our good offices."

"By all means, monsieur. You stamp us churls we shall not have had time to forget "Pardieu, St. Quentin, you have good courage to My duke sat again, his smile a shade uneasy, tell me to my head my course is run!

Which Mayenne perceived with quiet enjoyment, as he went on blandly: "Nothing that I could ask of you, M. do St. Quentin could equal, could halve, what I give. Still, that the knightliness may not what I give. Still, that the knightliness may not moment Mayenne laughed, too. My duke cried thick on the battle-fields."

My dear Mayenne, none punishes the maunderings of the court jester."

Monsieur laughed out with a gay gusto; after a moment Mayenne laughed, too. My duke cried thick on the battle-fields."

My dear Mayenne laughed, too. My duke cried thick on the battle-fields." be, to your mortification, all on one side, I have quickly, rising and walking the length of the table, thought of something for you to grant."

"You have dealt with me munificently, Mayenne,

## He started and turned to us in half-absent sur- easier in my mind, though I saw him gone,

"Any news here?" he made Norman answer.

"And the woman?

word."

Lucas stood still, his eyes travelling dully over the group of us, as if he expected somewhere to find help. At the same time he was not in the find help. At the same time he was not at me least thinking of us. He looked straight at me for a full minute before he awoke to my identity.

"You stay, Fellx, and go to the Bastine for you master. Then you will wait at the St. Denis gate for Vigo with horses."

startlement he regarded me in a singularly lacklustre way, while he inquired without apparent to his word. Lucas availed nothing. resentment how I came there.

resentment how I came there.

"With M. le Duc de St Quentin," I grinned at tenance cleared up.
him. "We and M. de Mayeune are friends now."
I could not rouse him even to curiosity, it seemed. But he turned abruptly to the men with seemed. But he turned abruptly to the men with the banks had yet shown.

He stood a moment frowning. Then his countenance cleared up.

"My faith! I have enough to gladden me without fretting that Lucas is alive. Fare you well, relix. You are like to reach St. Denis as soon as

more life than he had yet shown. "You've not told this fellow?" "You've not told this fellow?"

He sprang to the saddle with a smiling salute to his guardians, and the little train clattered off.

vray answered, a bit huffed. my tongue, but of course I could not. They had no need to tell me, M. de Lorraine.

I know quite well what the trouble is. I know rather more about it than you do yourself."

"What mean you, whelp?" "I mean mademoiselle. What else should I

'What do you know?"

"Everything."
"Her whereabouts?"

"Her whereabouts."

He had his hand to his knife by this. I abated say he gave us no look to show it. somewhat of my drawl to say, still airily:

"Certes. He's closeted now with M. de May-

know it is make-believe, the general-duke's digenne. They're thicker than brothers. Go see for sat at the table some high official, perhaps the yourself, M .- Lucas."

nity melted into a smile.
"After all," he said, "it's as well to lay an an-'Where is mademoiselle?" "Safe. She's to marry the Comte de Mar to-

morrow. He stared at me for one moment, weighing side stood Lucas.

whether this could be true; then without further parley he shot into the house. "Is that true?" d'Auvray demanded.

a man who knows what he is about. I was no

prise as if he had not known of our presence, nor, indeed, quite realized it now. He was both pale and rumpled, like one who has not closed an eye and ride with him. On reaching the door with the nags I discovered I was not to be of the party; our second steed must carry gear of mademoi-"No. monsieur, unless His Grace has informa-ion. We have heard nothing."
"And the woman?"
selle's and her handwoman, a hard-faced pensant, silent as a stone. Though the men guizzed her, asking if she were glad to get to her mistress "Sticks to it mademoiselle told her never a again, whether she had known all this time the lady's whereabouts, she answered no single word, but busied herself seeing the horse loaded to her

"You!"

"Yes, M. de Lorraine," I said with all the respectfulness I could muster, which may not have been much. Considering our parting. I was ready for any violence. But after the first moment of startlement he regarded me in a singularly lack.

"Quite right, Achates. M. de Mayenne stands

I. My son's horse will not lag."

Pierre came to my elbow with an open paper-Now this was eminently the place for me to hold the order signed and sealed for M. de Mar's re-

"Here, my young cockerel, you and d'Auvray are to take this to the Bastille, and it will be He confronted me now with all the fire I could strange if your master does not walk free again. His Grace bids you tell M. de Mar he remembers Wednesday night underground."

"And I remember Tuesday night in the councilroom, Pierre," I was beginning, but he cut me short. Even now that I was in favor he risked no mention of his disobedience. He packed me off with d'Auvray on the instant; I had no chance to ask him whether he suspected us yesterday. Sometimes I have thought he did, but I am bound to

D'Auvray and I walked straight across Paris to "Go ask M. de St. Quentin. He's here. He'll be the many-towered Bastille. It seemed a little way, so glad to see you."

Before the potent name of Mayana bers flow Before the potent name of Mayenne bars flew open; a sentry on guard in the court led us into a small room all stone, floor, walls, celling, where governor of the prison himself. He was an old compaigner, grizzled and weather-beaten, his right sleeve hanging empty. An interesting figure, no doubt, but I paid him scant attention, for at his

"I come on M. de Mayenne's business," he was expostulating, vehement, yet civil. "I suppose he did not think it necessary to write the order, since



Plerre Came to My Elbow with an Open Paper.

Mayenne looked up with a grim smile.
"I have still a field or two to water for that wheat. My compliments to your new master, St. chor to windward."
Quentin. You may tell him from me that when I

"You have dealt with me munificently, Mayenne, Mayenne observed, with his usual reluctance to show his cards even when the time had come to spread them. "Last night I laid on this table a packet, just arrived, which I was told belonged to you. When I had time to think of it again it you. When I had time to think of it again it had to the packet, and the packet, an submit I submit. When I have made my surren-

when I had time to think of it again it had vanished. I accused my lackers, but later it occurred to me that Mile de Montluc, arming for lattle, had purloined it."

"Your shrewdness does you credit."

"Your see, you have scored a fourth point, though again by no prowess of your own. Therefore am I emboldened to demand what I want."

"Even to half my fortune"—

"Even to half my fortune"—

"Then, what the devil is it you want? You will."

"Then, what the devil is it you want? You will."

"Then, what the devil is it you want? You will."

"I have no taste to be Navarre's vassal."

"Batter his than Spain's "and when you have none you yet have three order, since the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over polities and the arples of hands at Henry's court to pull you up out of the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over polities and the arples of hands at Henry's court to pull you up out of the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over polities and the arples of hands at Henry's court to pull you up out of the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over polities and the arples of the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over polities and the arples of the merits of our several stables, with the grooms over polities and the arples of the merits of our several stables, with the declared that King shoulders. "The offices," Mayenne said grandly. He shoulders the mark "Then, what the devil is it you want? You will humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing who in his great moment winks at you to let you heed, passing us without a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing who in his great moment winks at you to let you heed, passing us without a glance. But the tall house again, and without a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing who in his great moment winks at you to let you heed, passing us without a glance. But the tall house again, and without a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing who in his great moment winks at you to let you heed, passing us without a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing who in his great moment winks at you to let you heed, passing us without a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing who in his great moment winks at you to let you heed, passing us without a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing who in his great moment winks at you to let you heed, passing us without a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you want? You will have a glance at us went the devil is it you w